

"Calumet" Does Not Belong to a Baking Powder Trust,
but Consumers are Rapidly Learning to Place
Their Trust in "Calumet."

CALUMET

NONE SO GOOD.

Miss Stella Chapman spent Sunday at her home in Chesaning.

M. Osburn, F. H. Watson and Fred Edwards were in Detroit, Wednesday.

Floyd Bailey returned home Wednesday after a few days visit with St. Johns friends.

I. D. H. Ralph will leave Saturday for Philadelphia to spend Thanksgiving with his parents.

Rev. and Mrs. C. V. Northrop entertained the deacons of the church and their wives at tea Monday evening at the Baptist parsonage.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hartwell, of Hartwellville, will spend most of the winter in Owosso with their daughter, Mrs. Frank Greenman.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Dewey were in Detroit, Monday, and had the pleasure of hearing the lecture given by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the famous Arctic explorer.

Costs to Cents.

But worth a dollar a vial. This is the testimony of hundreds who use Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills—they are so sure, so pleasant and easy acting. The demand for this popular Liver Regulator is so great it is taxing the markets to keep up with it.—Sold by L. M. Watson, and Parkill & Son.—24.

State Sunday School Convention.

Although the attendance has not been as large as usual at the State Sunday School convention, held in Port Huron this week, still the sessions were of great profit and interest to those present. The next meeting is to be held in Saginaw. The officers elect are:

President, G. J. Diekmann, Holland; first vice president, H. L. Wilton, Detroit; second vice president, E. L. Wright, Hancock; third vice president, J. H. Grant, Manistee; fourth vice president, Rev. J. W. McDougall, Osego; fifth vice president, F. Kleinfeldt, Saginaw, E. S.; recording secretary, H. J. Barrows, Armada; treasurer, W. L. C. Reid, Jackson; executive committee, Lower Peninsula—E. A. Hough, Jackson; Thos. E. Barkworth, Jackson; Rev. Washington Gardner, Albion; Judge James M. Davis, Kalamazoo; Prof. S. S. Goodrich, Albion; Prof. J. W. Ewing, Alma; Wm. L. Hood, Saginaw, E. S.; Leonard Laurence, Detroit; J. E. Bolles, Detroit; Charles E. Adams, Detroit; George Parsons, Watervliet; Rev. C. L. Keifer, Grand Rapids; James O'Donnell, Jackson; J. W. Miller, Mendon. Upper Peninsula—J. H. Edwards, Dollar Bay; E. W. Wright, Hancock; A. C. Lane, Hancock; Rev. G. Mott Williams, Marquette; J. K. McGilray, Esanaba.

The executive committee re-elected E. A. Hough, of Jackson, as chairman; M. H. Reynolds, Owosso, field secretary; E. K. Mohr, Grand Rapids, field superintendent; Mrs. M. H. Reynolds, Owosso, superintendent of the primary department.

Secretary Reynolds, in his report stated that the number of schools in the State is 4,300; officers and teachers, 47,300; total membership, 375,000.

Clever Trick

It certainly looks like, but there is really no trick about it. Anybody can try it who has Lame Back and Weak Kidneys, malaria or nervous troubles. We mean he can cure himself right away by taking Electric Bitters. This medicine tones up the whole system, acts as a stimulant to the Liver and Kidneys, is a blood purifier and nerve tonic. It cures Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, Sleeplessness and Melancholy. It is purely vegetable, a mild laxative, and restores the system to its natural vigor. Try Electric Bitters and be convinced that they are a miracle worker. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50c a bottle at Will E. Collins and J. S. Haggart drug stores.

Ovid.

Dr. Leonard is moving to Owosso this week—Miss Fisher is the guest of her cousin, Grace Wilkins—D. E. Leonard spent Sunday with his family in Ovid—F. R. Everett spent Sunday with friends in Detroit—Mrs. Harriet Leonard is in Owosso with her son, Peloss—Mrs. G. L. Tubbs accompanied her sister, Mrs. Huntley, to Chicago last week—Mr. and Mrs. George Noe went last week to St. Paul, Minn., to spend the winter with her son, Dudley—Mrs. Davidson, of Reed City, and Miss Lena McCarty, of Elsie, were guests of Mrs. Mary Williams over Sunday—Mrs. Felt Fox expects to go soon to Wichita, Kansas, to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Judson Terrill, formerly of Ovid—Lewis Keeby, of Ovid, died very suddenly while in camp in Osceola county, Saturday, where he and his son, Walter, had gone on a hunting trip a week previous. Mr. Keeby had long been a sufferer of heart disease and he was advised by his friends not to leave home. The news of his sudden death was a great shock to his wife and relatives. The deceased had just recently moved from his farm east of here to this place. A widow and five grown-up children survive him.

PAY WHEN CURED

Are you tired and overworked? Have you that languid feeling, with loss of ambition? Are you despondent? Have you sleepless nights? Are you tired in the morning? Have you been indiscreet? Have you weak parts, emissions, lost manhood, vertigo, nervousness, organic weakness, kidney, bladder or stomach troubles, and loss of appetite? Have you pain in the back, sediment or strings in the urine? If so, call on us for free consultation.

HERE IS OUR OFFER—PAY FOR SERVICES WHEN CURED.

WE CURE syphilis, skin and blood diseases WITHOUT MERCURY. Gonorrhea, whites and all discharges cured in five days. Gleet and stricture cured without the knife. Anyone unable to call can write, enclosing stamp for symptom blank for home treatment. Communications held confidential. Hours 9 to 8 week days. Sundays 10 to 3.

DR. GOLDBERG & CO.,

Shattuck Building, 207 & 209 N. Washington St., Owosso, Permanent Branch of 291 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

INCA WITCHCRAFT.

Bal Chico was the son of a Mexican matadore, and his early associations were not of a kind to develop a stable and law abiding character. Bal drank because he saw everybody else drink, and red wine brought into action Bal that courage which the matadore displayed in the arena with sagacity and prudence. Red wine does not mature wisdom, theoretical or applied, and without these, which are indeed sagacity and prudence, courage becomes but pugnacity that amuses or offends. Bal soon became offensive, and in a brawl in an indecent quarter of his native town he had the misfortune to knife a young grandee of tastes and weaknesses similar to his own, but of influential connections. The wounded youth recovered, but political influence was sufficient to cause his assailant's removal to a penal settlement for 20 years.

Bal obtained no more red wine, but the more he weighed the offense of the knife attack, its provocation, and its punishment, the clearer it seemed that he was suffering out of all proportion to his transgression. The sense of foul wrong, done because it could be done, burned in upon him as if a brand iron were held against him, ever glowing and never lifted. For months after he discerned the immense range of this injustice, he lived in a rage impelling him to speech—he became inarticulate.

Slowly his good sense came to the rescue, and he became calm that he might live, grow strong of body and powerful through accumulation and meet Don Pico as master. There were men of different nationalities in the settlement, and Bal found that he absorbed words as a sponge absorbs water, and he learned Portuguese, more than one patois of his own land, and the dialect of a Peruvian Indian sent from his own province a year before, whom he had saved from imminent atrocity at the hands of a vicious fellow convict.

This Indian had a virtue little known to civilization—he was capable of gratitude—and the two formed a mutual attachment that the friendships of civilization may scarcely parallel and which was equalled but by their common hatred of all rulers, their own in particular. This Indian Bal knew to be a snake charmer of extraordinary accomplishments. His gift was not transferable to the younger man, nor did the latter soon discover its singularity, but in time he found that Juan's power over certain reptiles might be expressed as hypnotic. He seemed to impress his own masterfulness upon the serpents and to exert his power upon them at a distance or to send them to perform some definite mission at a distance and return within a given time, after the habit of human subjects.

Once Bal saw Juan with his pets at recreation. No word was spoken, but Juan looked meaningfully at Bal and then at the top of the wall. Bal looked and saw a lizard there with its head a-tilt and the sun shining pink through his palpitant throat. Then something slipped away from Juan, who watched the top of the wall, as did Bal. By and by a bit of the wall moved—it seemed a bit of the wall—it moved and coiled and leaped, and the little foray was over. Then the devourer slipped back, and Juan snapped his fingers and whispered to it.

"Was the lizard hypnotized, too?" Bal Chico asked himself.

This branch of his accomplishment Juan never showed the prison officials when they sent for him to exhibit for their amusement.

The weary years rolled by. "We will live; we must live. We will get even—you and me," Juan whispered to himself over and over, and he whispered it to Bal when he could, with the same imperious suggestiveness that he whispered something to his snakes.

At last Juan's 20 weary years were done, but the "man witch" had got much power. Some he amused when tired of the commonplace, but the many feared him, and when he chose to wander around the settlement clad in breeches, a poncho, and a viper after he was free to go far away none objected, and few wondered at the whims of so fantastic a being.

When Bal, a young man white haired now, went out, old Juan awaited him at the prison gates, carrying a close woven wicker crate, or basket, but neither extra clothing nor the usual snakes were visible, and from that day neither appeared in all that country.

ther extra clothing nor the usual snakes were visible, and from that day neither appeared in all that country.

Among the stupendous mountains of Peru gold may be had for the seeking, but death is for the white man who seeks it. When old Juan went back to his mountains and some old acquaintances, with another swarthy man who spoke only as he did and was his friend, their right of occupancy of hut and lands was unquestioned, as were their bartering expeditions to the nearest seaport. But Juan and Bal Chico did not always exchange their nuggets for commodities; oftener, with a wisdom learned abroad, did they demand coin. Juan had come home with his old name of Casma, and Bal Chico had assumed a new name for his new habitation, and the singular fact became known at the town bank that Casma and Chira were thrifty Indian depositors and checked against their account. Casma explained that abroad he had been called Juan Sanchez and Chira had been known as Diego Blas, and that they had made debts which demanded the checks drawn upon them by the Mexican bank of La Hamidad.

Time passed, and Casma and Chira prospered and eventually disappeared from the Peruvian mountains and seaport. Their remaining deposits had been transferred to La Hamidad, and in time the officials of La Hamidad were called upon in person by their unknown patrons, Juan Sanchez and Diego Blas, whose funds had never been drawn upon for debt. Juan Sanchez and Diego Blas were introduced by a resident of La Hamidad, a sailor on the ship that had brought them from the Peruvian port, and their money was duly paid, and a fortune it was for two men of no more expensive tastes than these who left the bank, walked away and were seen no more in La Hamidad.

In a reputable house in the town where Bal Chico had been a youth and been forgotten lived two old men together, two gray haired, harmless looking old men of commonplace names that you have not heard yet, who tended their cactuses and blooming vines and the green parrots that hung among them in a great cage, concocted savory stews and lived their simple lives largely in sight of their neighbors in the umbrageous garden behind their houses, and whose only recreation seemed to be to frequent the plaza.

From their garden they could see the rear of the house of the high and mighty Don Pico, which rang with laughter of manly sons and beautiful daughters, but the old men were to all appearances incurious of the doings at the great house. It was known at the plaza, where everything was known, that Don Pico's oldest son would shortly celebrate his arrival at man's estate and that the betrothal of his eldest daughter had been announced. But the day before the festivities in honor of the former occasion the son, Don Manuvelo, had sat in the plaza with Don Jose, his sister's betrothed, who had left it, it was easily proved, with a merry party of grantees, Don Manuvelo waving them a merry goodbye. Passersby saw him sitting there alone, sunken down as if resting, and there he was found somewhat later, dead, evidently by strangulation. There was the usual sensation and more than the usual search for the murderer, who had left no clew.

Three months after this event the little Innocencia, the 4-year-old daughter of Don Pico, was found in a similar condition in the grounds of Don Perez, the father of the betrothed of Dona Theresa, Don Pico's eldest daughter. The residence of Don Perez was but a block from that of Don Pico. As in the case of her brother, the police found positively no clew.

These calamities caused the postponement for one year of the nuptials of Don Jose and Dona Theresa, at the end of which time they were celebrated with all churchly and social ceremonies. Upon their return from the wedding journey Don Jose and his beautiful lady took up their residence at the house of Don Perez. Scarce a fortnight had elapsed when Dona Theresa was found dead in her bed—likewise her husband's bed. Marks upon her tender neck showed that she had been garroted. All drew two conclusions—Don Manuvelo and little Innocencia had been garroted, and Don Jose was the criminal. His protestations, denials and anguish availed nothing. He was hurried away to prison.

An accident saved his life—the shutting of a window.

Dona Maria Theresa, the sorely afflicted wife of Don Pico, had become the victim of insomnia since these repeated family bereavements and fancied strange noises in their apartment at night. Don Pico gave heed and listened for himself for a few nights, but heard nothing and attributed the noises to a woman's fears, but Dona Maria Theresa arose one night because she heard the noise and shut the window. As she approached the window, hung with vines, one of the house cats jumped from the sill to the thick vines and rustled away among them, and the lady was reassured and slept—slept all the longer and more heavily because of sleepless nights.

When she awoke in the morning, she looked at Don Pico. But was it Don Pico beside her, that purple, swollen face with awful eyes? The lady's reason fled in that awful look, and her screams aroused the household. Investigation seemed at first to offer no clew, but at length at the back of the top of a large frame containing an oil painting of his lady in her youth was found a powerful snake whose bright eyes watched the window and all whose efforts were toward reaching it, which he never did, dying as nonresistant as though in a trance.

Don Jose was liberated. The old, harmless looking men talked and smoked next evening and for many evenings behind their little house and sometimes boiled their sardines over a coal fire and looked across at the great house of Don Pico and talked—as who did, not?

Excitement was gradually repressed after the source of the mysterious deaths was indisputable. The snake had coiled about them all, but Don Pico had strength to struggle and had been bitten instead of only strangled. Some asked why a snake should discern only members of the Pico family, but none could guess the reason.

And far away in the divine beauty of a Peruvian cordillera two old men look aloft toward the man shunning condor—two old, brown men, grown harmless and with no uncanny companions—herd with Indian women and brown babies and drink from rude golden bowls and go down to the sea no more.—A. E. Kalfus in San Francisco Argonaut.

One day farmers' institutes will be held in Bennington, Carland, Henderson, and New Lothrop, on Dec. 7, 8, 9, and 10. Program will be published later.

The Current Topic Club will meet with Mrs. E. F. Dudley, Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Ray Sargent died early this morning after an illness of several months.

The first of a series of receptions to be given by the K. P. lodge was held last evening between the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock, followed by a banquet at the New National. A number of happy responses to toasts were given by members. The party then returned to Castle hall, which was daintily decorated with cut flowers and yellow and white bunting hung in festoons from the chandeliers, and a social hop enjoyed under the sweet music furnished by August Wesener. About 75 couples were present.

Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work

Hood's Pills

easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists.

Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FREE

To all interested applicants, a sample box.

KIRBY'S ECZEMA CURE.

This will prove to you that there is a CURE for this affliction. We guarantee it to cure Eczema in all forms and to be an absolute cure for all skin diseases.

For sample, address: KIRBY CHEMICAL CO., GRAND HAVEN, MICH., U. S. A.

UNIMPROVED FARMS

Near village of Estey, Gladwin county Michigan.

For Sale or Exchange

for Owosso City property or Shiawassee county farms.

Inquire at

OWOSSO SAVINGS BANK.

Commissioners' Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Abram D. Sutton, deceased.

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate in and for the county of Shiawassee, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said estate, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of Thomas J. Horsman, in the city of Owosso, in said county, on Monday, the 7th day of February, 1898, and on the 9th day of May, A. D. 1898, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days, for the purpose of receiving and adjusting all claims against said estate, and that six months from the 8th day of November, 1897, are allowed to creditors to present their claims to said commissioners for adjustment and allowance.

Dated the 15th day of November, 1897.

THOMAS J. HORSMAN, EDGAR P. BYERLY, JAMES GREEN, Commissioners.

Hall Bros. will pay 40 cents a bushel for well assorted potatoes.

White Oak Spoke Timber WANTED.

Cash paid for same.

J. M. STORY, Owosso.

Successor to Greer Spoke Works.

M. L. STEWART & CO., BANKERS.

Owosso, Mich.

—Established 1869.—

Do a General Banking Business.

Draw Drafts on all parts of the world.

Money to loan on real estate securities.

By our European Bank Money Order System payments are transmitted to the very house of the recipient abroad, free of charge, saving him the trouble and expense of collecting a draft.

JERSEY BULL!

The Jersey Bull, Owosso Landseer, a descendant from the best butter strains, is kept for service at my farm, north end of Chipman Street. Terms, \$3.00, cash at time of service.

E. O. PLACE.

Sell Your Poultry and Hogs

We are now in the market every day for LIVE HOGS and POULTRY, at the highest market prices. Call and see us.

J. H. COPAS & SONS, Owosso.

INTERNAL!

Are you afflicted with PILES in any form? Send us your address within the next 30 days and receive ABSOLUTELY FREE of all charges one BOTTLE of our Pile Cure. Guaranteed to cure.

The Howard Internal Pile Cure Co., P. O. Box 114, Detroit, Mich.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. *Samuel Pitcher M.D.*

Do Not Be Deceived. Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher
Insist on Having
The Kind That Never Failed You.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Boston Clothing House

Appoints you judge and jury to decide which is the cheapest and best place to buy

Fall and Winter CLOTHING!

First Place:—We buy for cash and in large quantities, which the little fellows can't do.

Second Place:—We keep down expense. We are therefore able to sell you goods at a Cut Rate Margin.

Don't buy one dollar's worth of Goods of the little ones until you have visited the

UP-TO-DATE Boston Clothing House.

We have put on sale, from the 12th to the 20th, our entire stock at 50c on the dollar.

Convince yourself by calling at this Sale which is now going on at the

Boston Clothing House

Look for the Sign

5c Feed Barn

You will find it on Comstock street, east of Wildermuth Hotel, Owosso. Make no mistake, it is on the south side of the street. Call and see us.

JERSEY Cattle for Sale

Heifer, 21 months old, just fresh. Heifer calf, 4 months old. Bull calf, dropped Nov. 4th. These cattle are all well bred, registered stock.

Will be sold at bargain prices.

E. O. DEWEY, Owosso, Mich.

Charles F. Milster, PROPRIETOR.